

## MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EACH AND ALL

### A Simpler Christmas Needed

Christmas is here again. In fact it has been here for the past month or more. If we are to believe the store windows and commercial propaganda that besets us on every side, it seems that every year the stores and commercial houses get a longer head start on the Christmas rush, and if the present tendency prevails we would not be surprised to have our Santa Claus parade taking place before the leaves are off the trees.

The biblical setting of Christmas in no way corresponds to this mad frenzy of commercial activity and one wonders what will really become of the true significance of Christmas if the present trend progresses further. This rush for the extra dollars that come pouring in because of the custom of giving gifts seems to be obliterating all other meaning from the event. Indeed, the giving of gifts, as we practice it today, is really no part of the true Christmas season. We sometimes think it would be a good idea to do away with the practice in favour of some of the other truer customs.

It is truly ironical to us that many employees in shops, department stores, and indeed many major industries, must work extra hours often up until Christmas Eve in order to earn these extra dollars, and that when Christmas Day does come they are almost too weary to take part in the festivities and enjoy Christmas properly. It might not be out of place to suggest that these firms spend a few less thousands of dollars on advertising campaigns to draw the shopper and divert it into closing their stores the day before Christmas to allow their employees a bit of rest before Christmas Day.

We would like to go back to the old days when Christmas began a day or two before the 25th and not a month or more before. Those were the days when mother and daughter spent a day or two cleaning the house from top to bottom in preparation for Christmas Day while father and sons went out to the woods to bring back the tree and the pine boughs. Christmas was not a time for parties and dances but a family gathering when mother was busy in the kitchen with the pudding and the others prepared their simple gifts in an atmosphere of true enjoyment and homely family communion.

As it is now, on Christmas Eve the carols, so much a part of the event, have been poured into our

ears for five or six weeks preceding, and we've heard so much about Rudolph and his red nose that we wish he'd never been conceived at all. Santa Claus has been coming to town for so long that we get cold feet and miss the way, in short what we'd like to see is a simpler more sincere Christmas, and not a commercial snow slide. The holiday now, when it does approach, becomes nothing short of an anti-climax where all things seem to have lost their meaning. Let's bring Christmas back to the home, where it belongs.

### Choral Society To Be Heard Across Nation

The McGill Choral Society's annual "Sing at Christmas" was presented last Saturday evening in the Currie gym. The show featured religious and festive carols and a skit adapted from Stephen Leacock's short story, "The Errors of Santa Claus."

Starting with religious carols, the Christmas story was narrated by Roger Adcock while the choir sang the appropriate carols. Featured here was a rendition of "O Holy Night" by Fadlou Shehadi, baritone.

The second half of the concert was taken up with the singing of festive carols and the above mentioned skit. The concert ended with an arrangement of the Skater's Waltz which was very vigorously applauded by the audience which almost filled the gym.

The concert will be broadcast over Dominion network on Christmas night from 10:30 to 11 p.m. The station to listen to is C.F.C.F. which recorded the show on Saturday night.

The choir was directed by Gifford Mitchell and accompanied by Doris Kilian.

#### MOC SKIING

The McGill Outing Club's ski house in Shawbridge will be open from December 22 until lectures begin in January. Such events as guided cross-country ski tours, Christmas and New Year's parties will be featured.

Reservations must be made in advance at the Tuck Shop in the Union to assure a bed. The rates are \$1.50 per day with 50¢ payable at time of reservation for each day reserved.

### A Streetcar Named Noel

by Ivan Aron

It was late afternoon of a dismal, murky mid-December day. From the Philadelphia sky fell a half snow, half rain wetness as I, bone-weary after a long day of lectures crossed Chestnut street and waited for a streetcar at the corner of Thirty-fourth. The 13s whizzed by as I stood with my briefcase getting heavier each instant. After an age or two a 42 appeared. I stepped forward too tired to notice anything strange about the fact that a row of crepe paper letters proclaimed "Merry Christmas" across the front of the car. The front doors opened with a curious jingling sound. I mounted the step and found myself in fairyland.

Posts, fixtures and window grills were festooned with pine branches. From every available projection, window crank-handles and bell-cord loops, hung little fuzzy, red wreaths and stars. Tinsel icicles glistened under the lights, and the face of Saint Nick himself with a fluffy cotton beard beamed from the rear of the car.

Beside the centre doors in her little metal box which had been covered with a brick pattern paper to resemble a chimney sat one of the few women conductors still left from the war years. A pleasant motherly type she was, and as I watched, a small child, eyes wide in wonderment went past the fare box with his mother. As she glanced up the fare the conductor looked at the infant and asked, "Have you been a good little boy?" He seemed unsure of the right answer, but she smiled at his hesitation and, reaching into a box on her lap, she handed him a peppermint candy stick. Then, as the car came to a stop, she pushed a button causing the exit doors to open with

a merry jingling from the strings of sleigh-bells hung on it. Who were these smiling people? Surely, not the same Philadelphia who nightly glower at each other, Evening Bulletin in hand, as they make their sardine-packed way home. But somehow, on the Christmas streetcar, everyone smiles, and they have even been known to burst simultaneously into Christmas carols.

It all started one Christmas just after the war's end, when Mrs. Kashner who works for the Philadelphia Transportation Co. "because I like to be in contact with people," decided to make Christmas a bit merrier for her passengers by decorating her car for the holiday season. At first she brought a few simple decorations and came to work early to have them up, taking them down each evening. The passengers liked it, and told the company, and so, each year, two weeks before Christmas, a car is specially assigned to this Rapid Transit bearer of the holiday spirit. The decorations no longer need be taken down at night. After her last run of the day, the car goes onto a siding and no other conductor takes it out.

The passengers remember. Mrs. Kashner is one of the few people who are greeted with "Merry Christmas" in the middle of July. And though three years have passed, and I don't know whether the lady who likes people is still making her appointed rounds out of the Callowhill car barns, still, the sight of the seasonably decorated shop windows on St. Catherine street makes me hear once again the jingle of the bells as the doors opened and I stepped aboard the streetcar named Noel.

### Christmas City

By Mike Ripsman

Winter claimed the city and the night which hid the sidewalks in a bitter compress of cold. It was Christmas Eve, and in the arc-light, blue and bodiless, which clung to the streets, men walked quickly, alone, or in small groups.

Jacques walked alone. He headed toward the eastern section of town, conscious of the gaunt silence of the deadened city, conscious of the gaunt silence of the night beyond the city. Around him, men passed through the cold, stealthily, nervously, aware of the night's reckless plunge from eternity into the sterile, blue arc-light.

Gradually, respectable west-end stores gave way to sprawling, yellow-bricked flats and iron staircases. Wreaths and lights shone from windows in joyful recognition of the calendar.

Warmed, well-lit homes, family parties, liquor and laughter . . .

Liquor and laughter to hide the loneliness, the uneasiness, the fear of asking, the fear of answer. Men and women, by day immersed in the trivial, by night, in celebration and sleep.

A low wind rose from the curb. Jacques shivered and raised his gloves to his ears.

The night pressed down, humming in his thoughts. He sensed their destruction in the battering of age after age of icy darkness, breaking and receding . . . Hard to think in the cold streets; harder, still, in warm houses. Thought was dying, in orgies of self-indulgent devotion to the petty.

Strife, propagation, further strife. Hidden pits in neutral caverns shivered, and brought forth their formulation. It was brittle and flat in its transition from emotion to words. Why trample to live when we cannot share? To share is to destroy. In destruction we find an individuality which is useless . . .

He turned a corner and the sidewalk lifelessly echoed life. A drunk lurched from a doorway. "Merry Christmas, buddy, me-e-ry Christmas!" He passed on silently.

A billion years of evolution . . . thinned hair . . . clipped tail . . . the world moved on in a senseless antithesis of motion and rest.

There would come a day, he told himself, when the earth would crack its ring of night in a universal shiver, and brush the broken shells into space. He laughed. Rousseau's day had come; so had Chekov's. The world had seen too many "days" to want any more.

Another corner, a church, cheerful, warming conversation. He hesitated, shrugged, and went in.

### WE WON'T BE HERE TO SAY IT



### SO SANTA SAYS—MERRY CHRISTMAS

There are still seven days until Christmas and this is the last issue of The Daily in the first term. Consequently we must extend our usual good wishes now. The Managing Board and the staff of The Daily throughout the year, have a personal connection with the rest of the student body which at this time makes our greetings and good wishes something more than a mere formality. Gathering, organizing and editing the news of the campus puts us on a personal basis with a great many people and their various

activities, staff as well as students. Consequently when we say Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year we are doing something more than fulfilling an obligation, we are giving the season's greetings to people who have been of the best of friends or the friendliest of enemies. We are recalling those who have offered their assistance as well as their advice, and in so doing, we hope their holiday season will be one to remember.

THE DAILY STAFF.

#### The Principal's Message

### A Christmas Dedication

A Happy Christmas to each of you students and members of the staff!

Two years ago, on Christmas morning, I was in the aged city of Delhi. It did not seem like Christmas. The bazaars were open, and people of many races were chattering in many languages. It was no special feast in the temples of Siva and Vishnu; nor was the Jami Masjid more crowded than usual. A few children, from Christian families, were garlanded with flowers, but even that recalled no memories of Montreal in December.

But there were two things that brought Christmas and Canada very close. At the little church just inside the Kashmiri Gate there was a carol service that morning and, although the words were sometimes strange, the music and the rubric of the service were familiar. At the hotel there were letters, cards and telegrams from students at McGill and many other friends.

Words are poor vessels to convey one's feelings but, as I remember that morning, I hope that each of you may feel during this Christmastide the warm glow of your friends' good wishes and that you may remember the message of the first Christmas at Bethlehem, imperfectly fulfilled as yet, which is steadily enriching the lives of millions of men and women.

I hope that each of you may spend Christmas in the bosom of your families or among friends, and that your own happiness may be augmented by your eagerness to make others happy.

Once again, then, Happy Christmas to each of you, and may all the days of 1952 be for you days of good health, good luck, and happiness.

"God bless us every one."

F. CYRIL JAMES.

### An Old Idea—A New World

by Arthur L. Phelps

To you who listen wherever you are:

It's a long time since it happened. A clever and difficult Jew disturbed and dismayed the authorities of his time and was executed. That life and death started a tremendous movement in human affairs. The Anniversary of the birth, as we know, became a time of rejoicing. Then Pagan customs and indulgences were assimilated to the annual festival until now Christmas this year with its mechanical Santas, its gift fever, its synthetic revelry, can forget that original figure quite conveniently and altogether. Christmas nowadays need not have much to do with Jesus of Nazareth.

You see, I've been re-reading the New Testament! Admittedly, for the reasonably intelligent but unprepared reader, it's a fantastic hodge-podge. Either it's silly or it makes what we call our common sense silly. It's a patchwork of bits and pieces. But it's something else.

It can tell a story:

So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself and said unto them. He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.

It can be precise:

And the second is like, namely thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself . . . thou shalt not kill.

And extreme:

But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.

And disquieting:

When saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

Now the question is: What are we going to do with that sort of thing in our contemporary world? What have we been doing with it?

It's social, political, economic and religious dynamite. Of course it needs interpretation. Whether for purposes of smothering it or of applying it, it needs interpretation.

Lots of things can happen when we attempt interpretation. Take two:

On the one hand, we may build up about that deposit of insight and imagination a great edifice of respect and adoration to keep its spirit unsullied from the world.

On the other hand, we may hawk it in the marketplace, adjusting its breadth to suit the narrowest vulgarity.

Protestant and Catholic, we do both these things in all sorts of ways.

But now and then at the Christmas of the year we go into a little huddle with ourselves to find out if we can, where we have been wise, where foolish in interpretation and

application of the undying fire. We may even search the world about us for signs that the religion we profess is still alive.

A Victorian poet said, "The churches have killed their Christ." That's dismay. A. E. Housman in "The Carpenter's Son" wrote: Here hang I, and right and left, Two poor fellows hang for theft; All the same's the luck we prove. Though the midmost hangs for love. That's a tribute.

In our latest novels, the name of Christ on the lips of men get into printer's ink still with power to shock because it is still the belief that makes the blasphemy.

The vitality and challenge of the Christian idea is far from being completely inert among us. Our Christmas stocktaking can still be a spiritual business as well as the other kind.

Now it is the atmosphere of that first sort of stocktaking that I want to do a bit of thinking out loud, perhaps with some presumption.

But I did re-read the New Testament. That seemed a logical sort of thing to do.

Let's begin then with simple fact.

It's a fluid amazing world, this human arena of ours of reshaped destinies. We can't see it as the historians see it if there are to be historians—though St. Augustine's City of God, and Sir Thomas Moore's "Utopia" and George Orwell's "1984" may offer suggestive perspectives. We can't assess the broth while the pot is boiling.

We can, however, look at a few things and wonder what they mean.

Take one matter. John Boyd Orr received the Nobel Prize two years ago. He said the money would go for one purpose. He believed men and women in the world need to be fed—all men and women everywhere. He believes they can be fed; even as they increase, they can be fed, all of them; if man will apply his technical knowledge and his common sense unhampered by obsolete shortsighted consideration of what is good business.

That idea of John Boyd Orr is an idea loose in our world of today. It's an idea, of course, that once allowed, sprouts further magnificent absurdities. It presupposes one world, interdependent and united and bent on human self-preservation. It assumes not only the desirability but the possibility of shelter, educational and cultural opportunity for all humans—else why feed them?—irrespective of color, race or creed. It's a bill of rights for humanity with incalculable local and personal explosiveness.

It makes the re-arming, and the armament expenditures of the world, something hideous in the Christmas of this year 1951. It makes you and me re-read our New Testament with a kind of wary fear which tempts us to close and forget the book in order to forestall our own hypocrisy.

But John Boyd Orr's idea is loose in our own world, and, for some minds, there's a kind of reassurance in it that the world is slowly enlarging the boundaries of its sympathy and slowly changing to use of creative means toward positive ends.

Take another thing.

Assume for the moment we have cleaned out from our trade unions and labour groups the kind of agitator whose objectives are oblique and hypocritical. We still have that thing called Labour, perhaps stronger than ever, marching on. Marching on to what? More and more Grab for grabbing's sake? That's part of it, of course; the warfare between the have-nots and the haves. But that's not all of it. Underneath the stresses is the common sense of the momentum toward a more equitable economic equilibrium.

That idea is loose in our world. It's the idea that the worker is a creator. He creates value for his society and should therefore have a proportionate share in the total returns. It's the idea that if a man, a human being, black, yellow, grey or white, invests his bone and blood and will, and the bone and blood and will of his wife and children, in a job, he must have in return such a dividend, his dividend, out of the economic pie as will enable him to rise above deprivation and bestiality.

Of course this idea in its scope seems so relatively new with disturbs

some of us even yet. Because, again, ultimately it means education, shelter, clothing, health, amenity for everybody on a decent human level. It means no human slums and no human slaves. It makes an outmoded thing the huge and disproportionate difference between the mansion on the hill and the hovel in the mean streets. It doesn't mean that our great corporations of cartels or combines are necessarily sinister and morally debauched and without any social responsibility. It merely means that if they are not careful they will be unscientific and shortsighted and outside instead of within an inevitable—some would say Christianity-inspired—momentum towards equity for everyone. The light that lighteth every man coming into the world is spreading, that's all. The ideas are loose. No body can bottle them back again. Most thinking people know all this. It's just our new sort of world that's all. It's got that sort of momentum in it. Intelligent and concerned businessmen and churchmen alike know this. I think that's why we may yet get effective creative world leadership out of the West. I believe there is yet time.

One more thing as I look for reassurance in my world I think it springs from what we should like to call Christian charity in the individual. I am inclined to think it is also at the deepest roots of all art, all science, all religion, based in the sense of the mystery of man as man; in what is sometimes called, in the grand phrase, the brotherhood of man.

The thing is this: It's only a personal thing and only a private reassurance: I don't believe we are as bad as the Russians paint us. I don't believe the Russians are as bad as we paint them. Just that.

If we could only go back and find the turning we missed, we might, we might even yet save a world in which to go on with our human experiment—a world for all of us, all of us together. We might preserve for the common good of all both our achieved science and our Christmas carols.

(Reprinted with one or two minor alterations from Arthur L. Phelps' "Christmas 1949" in the Canadian Forum.)

### Snow!

Snow! A thick white blanket of the pure crystals covered Montreal Saturday morning, changing the fast transit system (?) into a sight-seeing excursion.

If you were one of those fortunate students, who, looking out of the window upon rising Saturday morning, were gathered up in the spirit of adventure. You wrapped yourself in warm clothes, and went but into the unknown. What lay ahead of you? Who can tell? Maybe you will make the 11 o'clock train hence. It is not important as you are the proud occupant of a cosy Montreal Streetcar, travelling at the rate of 2 1/2 miles per hour. What wondrous scenes to behold.

There, white blossoms swaying and fro in front there, with bees (strange bees, they seem to be wearing caps) buzzing from one blossom to the other. But Lo, there is a blossom blooming forth, into strange hues of Blue, Green and Red, and Black.

And Black? No that can't be. What is a car doing there spinning cartwheels and belly flops. Ah! There it goes, into that large garden over there. That seems like a large garden to me. No, I remember there was a cottage there yesterday. Well! We're Off.

### Bridge Club Releases Tournament Results

The following are the results of Wednesday night's tournament:

North-South section: Graham-Snow 64%, Buchsbaum-Spiegel 52%, Frost-Beamish 52%, Lavallee-Clift 52%, Pearl-Baduk 51%, Wright-Mezzi 46%, Pizaris-Aposkitis 43%, Hart-Faughan 39%.

East-West section: Purvis-Vigdor 63%, Raymond-McCormack 59%, Jason-Paradis 57%, Bourque-Whelan 50%, Marston-Gordon 50%, Mylnarik-Held 45%, Steingland-Rosenhek 42%, Kuzmak-McLennan 41%.





# Beecham, Auden to Speak at McGill

## World Famous Conductor, Poet To Begin Cultural Program

By MARY SZWARO

Sir Thomas Beecham, world-famous conductor and impresario, and the great modern English poet, W. H. Auden, have both accepted the Cultural Committee's invitation to speak to McGill students during the first month of 1952.

Sir Thomas will speak on an aspect of music, very probably on his favorite composers, Handel, Haydn, Sibelius, and especially Mozart. He will address the students on January 17, the day after he completes his concert series with the Concerts Symphoniques.

Whether the topic or time of Auden's speech is definitely known as yet, but he is expected to come at the end of January.

These speeches will be the first realization of the Cultural Committee's endeavor to bring students in contact with distinguished lecturers and musicians.

"We are exceedingly fortunate in having been able to persuade two prominent figures to speak at McGill," said Storrs McCall of the committee.

Sir Thomas Beecham's early musical career was amply financed by his father, who owned the Beecham pills industry, which disproves the proverb genius is born of misery. For it is an accepted fact among music critics the world over that Sir Thomas is undoubtedly the world's greatest conductor.

He has turned out more consecutively recorded performances, covering a great repertoire than any other conductor. He founded The New Symphony and Beecham's Symphony orchestras and recreated The Royal Philharmonic. His name is associated with innumerable concerts, ballets, and operatic production.

W. H. Auden, though born in England, has been living in the United States since 1939. In 1950

## Parties at U. of T. Carabin Weekend Misrepresented

University of Montreal to University of Toronto on the weekend of December ninth has left Varsity with unexpected repercussions.

The External Affairs branch of the Students Administrative Council at Varsity adopted a motion stating that a letter should be sent to the Toronto Globe and Mail thanking them for their cooperation in the Carabin Weekend but also castigating them for the misrepresenting of the spirit of the weekend.

A reporter from the Globe and Mail had attended all the functions of the weekend and had, in writing about them, overemphasized the festive aspects of the activities. In particular, the writer spoke about sixteen parties that had taken place. One Law student claimed that he had heard of only two while others reported that six took place.

None the less the weekend was a success as it had been in previous years.

## Iran Again

## Debators Win Two Out of Three In American Debating Contests

Intercollegiate debating took place this week-end in Philadelphia as debaters from three universities took part. Representing McGill were Pat Vos and Jack Greenstein who upheld the affirmative; the subject of debate was resolved that Iran was justified in nationalizing the Iranian oil industry.

The McGill team was victorious over Temple University and Swathmore but lost against the University of Pennsylvania, winning two debates out of three.

## Comm. Student Dies on Friday

Rodney Stonelake, a fourth year commerce student at McGill, passed away last Friday.

It has been suggested that as most of his former classmates attend a Business Organization Lecture at 5 p.m. today, a collection for him be taken at that time.

Mr. Stonelake will rest in Wray's Funeral Home today at 5 p.m. Services will be held tomorrow at 10 a.m.

he received the King George V medallion for poetry—the highest poetry award in England. In recent years he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in the U.S. for his book *Age of Anxiety*.

He is a satirist, his verse often dealing with the "disease of civilization" and bearing frequent religious undertones. Auden is the author of numerous books of poetry among which are *Look Stranger*, *The Orators*, *The Dance of Death*, *New Year's Letter* and the newly published *Nones*.

## 10 Lucky Students Qualify as Models Of Tailored Outfits

The ad in Thursday's Daily said, "Men required to model clothing. Must be of good build, unselfconscious, having pleasing personality and mature appearance."

One o'clock Friday saw 54 well-built, mature-appearing, pleasing McGill personalities unselfconsciously standing in line with one, small nervous Daily reporter, all waiting to be looked over by members of the Young Men's Section of the Montreal Clothing Industry Council.

The good builds, some of them so good that they had to swing their shoulders sideways to get through the door, exuded pleasing personality as they announced their names and phone numbers. Then they walked unselfconsciously in a circle and stood with their jackets off, showing their backs and shoulders.

The ten fortunate jog-seekers who will be notified later this week each are to receive \$25 for two evenings' work. In addition, should they fancy any of the specially tailored outfits they will model they will be able to purchase them at considerably less than the manufacturer's cost.

There is one Daily reporter who wishes he was one of the lucky st— I beg your pardon, unselfconscious gentlemen with good build, pleasing personality and mature appearance.

## CCF to Hear Talk on Freedom of the Press

Ed Bantey, former political columnist for the Montreal Herald, will address an open meeting of the CCF Club on "Freedom of the Press," at one o'clock Monday afternoon in the Union Club Room.

Mr. Bantey has had considerable experience in the newspaper business as both political and labour commentator. He is also well qualified to discuss the problems of government intervention, the position of the newspaper guild, and monopoly.

This lecture and discussion will be the third in a series on this topic sponsored by the campus political clubs. At previous meetings this subject has created a great deal of controversy, and has shown the widespread concern of students with this vital problem.

All interested students are invited to attend. The eating of lunches will be in order.



EVEN WHILE the season of unconfined joy is upon us there are those (perhaps we are amongst them) who must needs remain absorbed in bookish pursuits, perhaps taking a few moments to drink a

Christmas toast or note the passing of the Old Year. But even the most studious are permitted to think of lighter things. . . . (Photo by Clarence James.)

## Lectures Finish on Friday; Happy Daze

## Out of Town Students Go Home for Holidays

By DON ALLEN

Santa's jolly laugh echoes are represented at McGill—Christmas marks a half way point in each academic year. Three months have past; three months of lectures remain.

Christmas holidays, for most, are a time for relaxation, religious services and parties; sleeping in, in the mornings or going north for a day of skiing, family reunions, social life, a time for the dust to gather on the text books.

For the student from out-of-town it's a time for getting railway tickets and reservations; shopping for the family and friends to bring back things "bought in Montreal," a time for saying good-bye to college friends—and for looking forward to a few weeks with family and friends at home.

### Dates Listed

December 25 is the big day for all—no, we're not forgetting New Year's Eve. A New Year's Eve dance, under the sponsorship of the Arts and Science Undergraduate Society, is to be held in the Union this year.

Other dates of interest, according to the Handbook: Dec. 21 (Fri.): Last day of lectures in all faculties and schools, last day of lectures and field work in the School of Social Work. Jan. 4 (Fri.): Examinations begin in Arts, Science, Commerce, Fine Arts, Engineering, Architecture, Divinity, Physical Education, Graduate Nurses and Psychotherapy. Lectures resumed in Agriculture, Household Science and School for Teachers. Jan. 7 (Mon.): Lectures resumed in Agriculture.

For the entire staff and student body—Hebrews, Buddhists, Confucians and Mohammedans as well as Christians, for all major religions

# New Year's Ball to Be Held in Union

By JUDY DOW and MARY DRAPER

## Arts and Science

The whole Union will be thrown upon for the A.S.U.S. party on New Year's Eve. Students of all faculties are invited to attend the party which starts at 10 p.m. and continues until 3 a.m. New Year's Day. The Westerns are to provide music at this annual affair and will have their stand in the Union Ballroom. Free refreshments will be provided including soft drinks and sandwiches, and noise makers are to be given out for those wishing to herald the coming of new year. Spencer Skelton, president of the A.S.U.S. says, "It's the biggest three-fifty's worth on the campus. Tickets go on sale today and will be sold in the Union every day this week from 12 to 2. As mentioned above the cost is \$3.50 a couple."

Dress is optional, which means that either formal or informal dress will be worn. This was decided by the committee in charge of the dance as a possible solution to taxi scarcity on New Year's Eve.

Students are reminded that since all night clubs are to close at 10 p.m., this is an opportunity to enjoy themselves in somewhat the same manner. "Foreign students and those unable to go home for the holidays are especially invited to a real home style party, with all the trimmings," said Sam Harding, who is running the dance.

### The Daily

Now that the Daily is off the

## Other Parties Slated by Campus Clubs, Daily, for Yuletide

press for the last time this term, the press Club Executives invite all staffers to turn their attention to the lighter side of the newspaper business—a party, Friday, December 21 at 8 p.m. in the Union the Daily staff will hold its annual Christmas party, this year suggestively titled "Mistletoe Madness."

"We hope that all staffers will turn out for this last get-together before the Christmas holiday," President Al Mindlin said yesterday. "We are working hard to produce the proper Christmas spirit but we need your help to make this thing the success it should be."

The Press Club has asked all staffers to bring a small anonymous gift of value not exceeding 25 cents. These will be distributed by Santa Claus so that each staffer will receive a present. If anyone cares to address a present to a particular individual there will be no objection to his doing so, but the Press

## Arts & Community To Be Discussed At Fine Art Forum

"What is the power and influence of fashion today?"

This and other questions, such as, "Does the Twentieth Century community need artists?" will be discussed at an open forum of the Fine Arts Club on Wednesday, Dec. 19. The subject of this forum, to be held at 8:30 p.m. in the Drummond Street Studios, is "Art in the Community."

Jacques de Tonnacour, noted Montreal artist and teacher, and other professional and student artists will take part in this informal discussion of art in the modern community. M. de Tonnacour is at present teaching at the Museum School and the Ecole de Beaux Arts.

Other questions to be discussed are: "What, and where are our chief sources of Art Education?" "Should all museums be owned by the public and supported by provincial and federal governments?" and "Who should choose the architectural designs of our public buildings, monuments, their interior decoration and the pieces of art in galleries?"

## Recruits Wanted for Publicity on Carnival

Recruits are wanted to publicize the McGill Winter Carnival.

The Carnival is scheduled to take place this year on the 14th, 15th and 16th of February, and its success depends in large part on the publicity it gets. Particularly wanted are volunteers willing to make contacts with stores, radio stations and magazines.

Interested students should leave their names and telephone numbers in the box at the Carnival office on the main floor in the gym.

# U of M Overpowers Strong McGill Team

## Carabin Center Injured in Fray

In a report from University of Montreal coach Art Therrien, The Daily learned late last night that Carabin center Ray Flynn, whose eye was accidentally cut by a high stick in Friday night's McGill-U. of M. game at the Forum, faces the possibility of losing the sight of his right eye.

Specialists have not, as yet, determined the full extent of the injury, but are taking X-rays today. A report issued by the hospital states that Flynn has a 40 per cent chance of complete recovery.

## Late Drive Gives Carabins First Place, After Trailing 3-2

By FRANK SHAMY

Trailing 3-2 at the end of the first period, the University of Montreal Carabins put on a terrific drive in the last two stanzas that netted them three goals and a well earned 5-3 win over the McGill Redmen at the Forum on Friday night.

The victory moved University of Montreal into undisputed possession of first place in the senior intercollegiate hockey league, two

points ahead of second place Laval. Toronto and Laval were idle over the weekend.

The shots on goal indicate fairly well the decided edge in territorial play held by the Carabins. Bob MacLellan, of McGill, handled 38 shots, while Auger of U. of M. had to contend with only 20 shots. And in periods, the advantage was also two to one in favor of U. of M.

Dick Irvin, Len Kent, and Whitley Schults were the goalkeepers for McGill, while Len Shaw collected a pair of assists. Two beautiful long shots by Shaw were converted into goals by Kent and Schults just before the first period came to a close. They were scored in an interval of only thirty-eight seconds.

U. of Montreal individual scoring honours went to pre-med student Ray Leduc, who garnered one goal and two assists. But Leduc didn't take all the glory. His linemates, Claude Dagenais and Ray Blason, also dented the twine behind MacLellan, and this trio was easily the most effective unit on the ice.

They not only scored three of the team's five goals, but also backchecked well and generally had complete command whenever they took their turn on the ice. Other Carabin goals came off the sticks of Albert Day and Andre Charest.

## How to Escape to Be Discussed Tomorrow

If you were imprisoned, how would you escape? Some practical ideas on the subject will be discussed by a former prisoner of war, Mr. G. D. Nicoll at the meeting of the Science Fiction Society tomorrow afternoon.

While serving in the R.C.A.F. Mr. Nicoll was imprisoned by the Germans and learned of the ideas of escape, practical and impracticable, devised by other prisoners. Many of these schemes were actually used with success by freedom-loving men.

Another feature of the meeting will be the playing of a tape recording of a satire on science fiction which was recently broadcast by "Rawhide" on CBM.

The meeting will be held in the Union Workshop tomorrow at 8:15 p.m. All are welcome.

## St. James Soc. Topic 19th Century Author

Mr. Grant Smart B.A. will address the St. James Literary Society on "Richard Jeffreys."

Jeffreys was one of those 19th Century authors whose work and thought have received less attention than they merit.

The address will be given tomorrow evening at the Mechanics Institute at 8:15 p.m.

## Early Winter Blizzard Depresses Students

"Br' its cold." Saturday morning nine out of ten students who were asked if they were willing to leave in one hour for Trinidad providing that someone, anyone, was willing to pay their fare, replied in the affirmative. Temperatures well below zero, and an early winter blizzard seems to have taken the edge off the winter spirit.

Look out Trinidad, "here comes McGill."

## Engineers Again

## Plumbers' Ball Slated for Jan. 11 Ticket Sales Discontinued Friday

On Friday, Jan. 11, at 10 p.m. the Plumbers' Ball will open with a reception honoring the patrons, a faculty members and special guests. The patrons who have been invited for the Ball include Dr. F. Cyril James, Chief Justice O. S. Tyndale, chancellor of McGill University, Dean J. J. O'Neill, Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, Dr. Ira McNab, president of the Engineering Institute of Canada and His Worship Camille Houde, mayor of the city of Montreal.

Engineers are reminded that ticket sales will be discontinued on Friday, Dec. 21, and that all students obtaining their tickets before Wednesday, Dec. 19, will be eligible for a preliminary raffle. The winner will be announced on Dec. 19. A twenty-six ounce bottle of "Christmas cheer" will be given to the person producing the winning number.

Tickets are priced at five dollars each. This includes refreshments, soft drinks and dancing in cabaret atmosphere to the music of Blake Sewell and a sixteen piece orchestra.

ment committee has announced that although no definite contracts have been made, the extent of budget permitted for this phase of Ball arrangements is sufficient to assure a satisfactory booking.

The committee has again emphasized that any persons from faculties other than engineering who to attend the ball will have to obtain their tickets through an Engineer, who in turn is permitted to buy only two tickets.

## Prominent Plumber Desires Ball Data

When is a Plumber a plumber? In a letter addressed to John Dinsmore, co-chairman of the Plumbers Ball, a prominent representative of the plumbing industry has questioned the right of the Engineers to call themselves plumbers. The editors of Standard-Dominion News, a publication going to plumbers from coast to coast, are taking an interest in the event, and would like to know how it "ties in with the plumbing industry." The letter states the editors would like a complete account of the ball and any available photographs.

## Managing Board Names Over 40 Promotions

Regular Christmas promotions, to affect over 40 staffers of The Daily were announced by the Managing Board. They will be effective beginning next term.

In announcing the changes, the Managing Board said that interest as well as ability of the staffers were considered in judging the promotions.

**FEATURES DEPARTMENT**  
Most important changes were announced for the features department. Eliechim Raman, and Amy Kahn were both promoted to the position of Assistant Feature Editors. Kahn was formerly Senior Editor and Raman, Desk Editor. In other changes, Michael Ripsman and Dale English were appointed Desk Editors.

**NEWS DEPARTMENT**  
Senior Staff Writer: Alistair Catterton, Wendy Scott.

Assistant Desk Editor: Harry Dubow, Peter Patterson, Dick Purser, Stan Taviss, Danny Usher, Don Young.

Staff Writer: Wendy Child, Irene Droste, Suzie Grippie, Mary Mur-

## IRC to Sponsor Two Student Tours

In February of the coming year International Relations Club will sponsor two trips of interest to all students of international affairs. The first of these will be to visit the Department of External Affairs, Ottawa, where officers of the department will conduct the students on a tour of its various branches. This trip should benefit students who intend to enter a branch of the civil service after graduation.

The second trip will be a visit to the International Civil Aviation Organization headquarters in Montreal, where a similar conducted tour will be arranged.

A meeting of the club will be held on Tuesday, December 18th in the Club Room, at 5 p.m. to organize the prospective tours. All interested students are invited to attend.

## International

Three Christmas parties are to be held by international clubs on the campus this week. The Cosmo Club, the West Indian Society and the German club will be the hosts on these festive occasions.

The Cosmo Club party will take place on Thursday evening, Dec. 20 in the Union. Features of the evening will include various international novelty and semiclassical records played for listening and dancing, a visit from Santa Claus, and a sing-song. Dance music will be provided by Glen Fisher.

The party starts at 8 p.m. and all guests are asked to bring a wrapped anonymous gift with value not exceeding 25c to place under the tree.

The West Indian Society will put on their party on Friday Dec. 21 at 8:30 p.m. in the Union Clubroom. Calypsoes, carol singing and dancing will be provided for all West Indians and their friends.

The German Club's annual Christmas celebration is to be presented on Tuesday, Dec. 18 at 44 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount. The party will include songs and games, a visit from Santa and dancing.

Those attending are asked to bring small gifts, not exceeding 25c in value. Those wishing to help in providing refreshments are asked to contact Liana von der Bellen YO 2721.

All German club members and friends are invited to attend the party, which gets under way at 8 p.m.

## Daily Cut to 4 Issues

The Daily will be published only four times a week next term, cutting out the Monday issue, the Managing Board announced last night.

Today's issue is the last one for this term. The Daily will

resume publication on Tuesday, Jan. 15.

Publication will be cut to four issues in keeping with the report on Student Activities passed by the Student Executive Council this year.



Third Place

# Tramp Steamer

By Denis Whyte

Although her sides were unpainted and coated with rust, her cabins and entire layout a motley and pathetic sight to the eyes of the modern seaman, an old tramp steamer with the majestic name of the "Fantom Princess" remained afloat at Pier 44 in San Francisco.

Captain Ivan Denholme's staunch figure could be seen on the bridge, appearing and disappearing intermittently with the waves of fog as they rolled by and out into the already misty bay.

The old Captain moved briskly, the bark of his orders echoed about as the aged ship prepared to leave the pier and head out to sea once again.

Denholme, owner as well as captain of the clumsy vessel, had been operating it since it was sold to him at a very modest price during the depression years. His business, typically of all tramp steamers, was acquired at each port the last cargo had brought him to. Now leaving San Francisco, the steamer's belly was loaded for the first time with a cargo of explosives, as the old captain braced himself for the next destination, . . . New Zealand.

The greater majority of the crew of the old steamer had been with Denholme since he had started his business. However, instead of a feeling of relationship or union developing over such a period of time between captain and crew, the very contrary occurred. This was partly due to the surly, unfriendly, yet harmless nature of Denholme in regard to the crew, and partly due also to the condition of the ship and hence of the living quarters of the crew, which had not been repaired since Denholme's purchase of the ship.

Obviously, the crew were not very elevating individuals to remain employed for such a length of time under such decrepit conditions, therefore, the condition of living and the meagre amount of pay they received were merely a step or factor of many steps or factors which were leading toward a violent climax.

The ship was already in poor running order, but now loaded with explosives and slowly turning and heading out into a heavy San Francisco fog on its way through such a distance to New Zealand, was not only a step, but an immediate cause of a rapidly approaching disaster for Denholme, as the First Mate approached him on the bridge.

"Cap'n . . . I . . ." began the First Mate. "Grimson," interrupted Denholme, "see if you can see that confounded pilot boat. Here we are loaded to our necks in this fog and not a sign of a pilot to guide us out of here. It would serve them damn well right if we bumped into the Golden Gate Bridge and blew it up!"

He then proceeded to peer again into the fog. The First Mate shuffled his feet and spoke again. "Cap'n . . . the crew would like you to turn back."

Denholme turned and stared. "Did I hear you right?" and then added with a tonal blend of surprise and horror, "I should turn back?"

"Yes sir."

"Why?"

"The explosives sir . . . and the load . . . we can't make it to New Zealand, not mention get through the fog here!"

"Is it not apparent to you that I am vainly searching for a pilot?" Denholme blasted back. "It is, sir . . . but we would like you to turn back."

"Let me inform you Grimson, that I am captain here, and I will ascertain as to whether we should go back or not," Denholme retorted, and then bellowed to the seaman at the wheel, "continue on . . . speed to seven!"

Grimson's rough face grew red. "Bring this ship to a standstill. You haven't the skill to operate this old vessel with this cargo in weather like this!"

Denholme turned and faced Grimson. His arms

were straight to his sides, and his hands were clenched tight, until white showed on the knuckles.

"So that's it. You all doubt me capable of running a ship full of explosives . . . get down on deck Grimson . . . before I knock you down!"

Grimson winked at the seaman operating the wheel. The seaman in turn rang the engine room for a full stop.

"What are you doing?" Denholme blurted. "I'm taking over," laughed Grimson. He then beckoned a number of the crew up the ladder to the bridge. "Okay, take Mr. Denholme and tie him up!"

Denholme struggled, but it was all in vain as the rough seamen grabbed him and dragged him below into a cabin.

One of the seamen turned and spoke to Grimson. "What do you aim to do now, Mr. Grimson?"

"Just this, Mister . . . take 'er back to shore in this pea soup fog!"

A number of the seamen had come up to the bridge again, as Grimson ordered the boat turned about. The crew were apparently nervous, they were not sure whether Grimson could handle the boat.

"Okay," yelled Grimson, "down on deck for you fellows and . . ."

Before he could finish, a yell came from the seaman at the wheel.

"Something's up ahead!"

Everyone remained motionless as they strained their eyes forward. There seemed to be a grey blanket-like outline of no real distinguishable height or length.

"Give the whistle a blast!" Grimson finally managed to say.

The terrifying greyness slowly came closer as the ship crawled on with the tide. Grimson ordered the men from the bridge, but they were already clammering down the ladder toward deck.

"What'll I do?" screamed the seaman at the wheel.

Grimson tried to remain calm. "Stop the engines!" he cried.

"They're already stopped," replied the seaman, his voice vibrating in terror.

"Reverse!" gasped Grimson, "we'll crash!"

The grey sheet still moved closer, and as it did, it became brighter. The crew were in a panic, some jumping over into the water.

"It's still coming closer, sir," stammered the seaman, "we must be in a strong current . . . reverse doesn't seem to take us back!"

Grimson looked about wildly, and then called hoarsely to the deck, "Bring up Denholme!"

The captain was carried up the ladder, his bonds quickly torn off his wrists and ankles, leaving bloody welts and burns.

"You'll have to get us out of this, Cap'n," Grimson whined, "if you don't, we'll crash into that thing in front of us and blow up!"

Denholme took one look at his painful robe to his feet.

"Stop the motor," he said quietly.

The seaman gave him a wild look and then obliged. All was quiet, the sheet becoming brighter and longer as it moved closer.

The crew stood at the side of the decks, too terrified to move. Grimson clutched the rail of the bridge, ready to fling himself overboard.

"Alright," said Denholme softly, smiling slightly, "forward to seven."

The seaman was too frightened to do anything else but obey. Grimson was about to jump, when all at once, bright sunshine poured over the decks and cabins, as Denholme turned to the speechless Grimson, saying, "You'll have to learn the difference between sailing out of a fog, and bumping into something. Alright, back to your work . . . I'll continue on if you don't mind at all!"

## Limerics

First Place

There is a molecular action  
That causes untold satisfaction  
From a chemical source  
Stems the physical force  
That's romantically known as Attraction.  
DANIEL ROVER.

Second Place

A columnist writing up trivia  
Said "I'll not attempt to decivia,  
In Brazil and Peru  
They use Chile on stew,"  
Said his readers, "We do not Bolivia."  
IVAN ARON.

Second Place

5 O'clock Refrain  
by D. G. Jones

Sing a song of sixpence,  
A mickey full of rye,  
The cars like salmon climb the hill,  
Are struggling home to die.

Sing a song of sick pence,  
A bottle full of rye,  
There is not time to reach the clouds  
Except by getting high.

Sing of a song of no pence,  
A pocketful of sky,  
The traffic swims the other way;  
It almost makes me cry.

Sing a song without pence,  
A belly full of sky,  
I'll go down in the city  
With the gravediggers standing by.

The cars are going up the hill  
And I am going down —  
Sing to the sound of the humming tires,  
Sing with the children, sing with the whores,  
Sing city to the sound of their tires!

Third Place

A renowned institution of learning  
Set the press of the nation a-churning  
The results of a quiz  
Had the profs in a tizz  
And the ears of the freshmen were burning.

Honourable Mention

There was a professor named Duthie  
Who called Cleopatra a huthie,  
He thought her quite vile,  
"A snake of the Nile,"  
But Mark Anthony wasn't that futhie,  
Wuthie?

Honourable Mention

Lone Grave  
by Katarzyna Jasienowska

There's a grey grave somewhere  
Far across the swirling sea  
Where a lonely wind is sighing;  
There my thoughts fore'er are flying  
On the wings of memory.

There's a grim ghost hidden  
In a solitary tomb  
Where the air is bleak and bitter,  
Where a raven's shrill, sharp twitter  
Spreads the atmosphere of doom.

There's a deep need in me  
O, to reach that distant land  
Where a drizzly rain is falling,  
Where a band of ants are crawling  
O'er the dunes of shifting sand.

There's a lone grave buried  
Under mounds of barren earth.  
Only there my woes can perish  
By the bed of one I cherish,  
By his dusty, deathly berth.

O, to reach that country  
Far beyond the seething sea  
Where my Father lies forgotten,  
To dispel the fears begotten  
By his haunting memory.

# McGill Daily

## Literary Supplement

### Editor's Note . . . . .

As the banner above indicates, this page and page four of this issue of The Daily constitutes a "Literary Supplement." It has long been the opinion of the editors that there is much literary talent on this campus, though one seldom sees much evidence of its existence. In the hope of encouraging writers to submit their work, and in accordance with The Daily's policy of printing the best literary material it can find, the editors held a literary contest. The results were very encouraging, especially with regard to the poetry section of the contest: there was a wealth of material submitted, some of it of a high calibre. The contest was divided into three sections, with prizes going to the best short story, the best poem, and the best limeric.

The choice of winners in the various sections was an extremely difficult task, especially since the judges were well aware that they were students passing judgement on student work, and well aware of the limitations of their critical judgement. On this page appear those contributions which the judges feel to be of the highest relative merit.

D.G.

First Place

## The Arrival

### (A Fragment)

By D. G. Jones

The wind is rushing through the leaves  
Of poplars all along the point  
And seas of swelling surf now breathe  
Across the air and cease, while on  
The lake the grey and purple waves  
While crested crashing by; behind  
Roll down the wind to swell and run  
The splayed flanks of water, spray  
Muffled, the steady motor sings  
Its driving song, and west by south  
The boat through pouring water moves  
Along.

Black clouds out of the south draw up  
The sky, and Indians in a long  
Canoe, their tall blades driving deep,  
Come riding through the waves and by  
Out of the memory of land  
And sky, where in the shadows of  
The trees and clouds the sound of drums  
From ancient dreams in silence swells  
And dies.

The motor sings more softly now,  
The boat rolls slowly with the waves,  
The bow approaches, slows, and stops,  
Meets the dock, bleached by wind  
And rain, white and strange between  
The planes of grey and darkened green.  
Then full and clean and singing comes  
The rain.

A grey day in lonely weather  
And old woman gathers reeds by the water  
With wet snow endlessly falling  
And melting into the brown woods,  
The cedars weeping, and on the lake  
The last loon calling; an old woman  
Crying a song by the water  
Minor and planing, the ghosts of wig-  
wams ringing her cabin; and in  
The north unerring and certain, the cold  
Is gathering.

The rain is dancing on the roof  
And swimming through the trees, where spruce  
Like spears point through moving mists  
Of rain and all the forest moves  
In heaving shapes of change around  
The cabin. Wind is piping through  
The screens and moans into the stove  
Pipes, catches smoke and flings it  
High into the tossing sea  
Of sky.

The shapes of lonely cabins formed  
From vagrant sheets of rain are born  
In little clearings in the trees  
Where ghosts of bitter men within  
Are waiting for the storm to end  
And dreaming of the winter moon,  
And women like Maria wait  
For Jean Paradis and the final sight  
Of home.

The slow drops of water fall  
From the eave and plink in a pool beneath  
The window; in the east the clouds  
Are gone, the sky is blue and all  
Along the farther shore the green  
Of sunwashed leaves appears, yellow  
And shining in the light, the loon  
Floats calmly on the lake and calls  
Halloo across the water to  
His mate.

And in the north and west a stage  
Is set among the dark blue clouds  
Where on a pale transparent ground,  
Cream and white, the wisps of cloud  
Like driftwood trail across the sky  
To curves of northern lakes like knives  
With shining blades, to pines and hills  
That cut across the sky, and ice  
That burns all summer high into the  
Sunset.

Night grows in the woods and creeps  
Across the lake, to fill all space with  
Quietness; the stars, like flat  
White millions, gleam and pulsate on  
The sky; and all around the woods  
In silence standing dim and wake-  
ful by.

Late at night when only wild  
Things stay awake and walking break  
The silence in the woods, or make  
A journey in the growing plain  
Of blackness on the lake, a loon  
Laughs and cracks the darkness with  
His voice, and in its wake, the fall-  
ing splinters of the quietness  
Reverberate. With an answer from  
A mate, the air is tiled with bright  
And jagged shrieks, a mounting, mad  
And uncontrollable cascade  
Of laughter. And the loons alone  
In wild night feel at home,  
And comment on my little light  
Their voices mixed with ice and quite  
Insane.

First Place

# Joe

by Malcom H. Miller

Joe sat at the table and waited his turn. He watched the door at the end of the hall and wondered, nervously, when it would open. He was next. He did not want to do it, but he had to, he had to. What would the other men say? What would they think if he came back to the ship without doing it, a virgin? He did not want to do it, but he had told them he would. And now he had to, he had to.

Joe thought of his mother. She used to take him to Mass when he was a boy, and afterwards she would kiss his dark hair so softly telling him how beautiful it was to be pure and that he must always be pure. Once she had taken him to the grotto in the cemetery and had let him light a candle for his dead father. Joe remembered the candle trembling in the darkness. He remembered how white and clean and new he felt when he lit it and watched the wavering flame burn so beautifully in the darkness.

One of the women came over and sat on Joe's lap. She kissed his face. He pulled his mouth away from her, but she brushed his ears and hair with her lips. Joe flushed. He turned his head away.

"Don't you like me?" the woman asked. Her face was stained with dry white coloring, and her thin eyebrows were wet and gleaming, like cold black wire. Joe smelled something sweet, something sugary. He looked up into her dull grey eyes.

"Yes, but I don't want you to kiss me," Joe said.

She bent down and kissed him on the mouth. He felt something strange press down upon him, down, down into him. He was afraid suddenly, and he twisted his mouth away.

"Didn't you like that?" the woman asked. "I bet you did. I bet nobody ever kissed you like that. Did they?"

Joe pushed the woman off his lap and stood up. She laughed and put her arm around his neck.

"Please leave me alone," Joe said softly. He felt a rush of tears in his eyes, and he turned, quickly, from the woman.

"Well if you don't want to have any fun alright," she said smiling. "I just thought you wanted some fun."

"Well I don't — not that kind of fun. Do you think everyone who comes here is like that? Do you?"

Joe wouldn't turn around. He didn't want to look at her.

"What do you come here for anyway?" she asked. "Do you want someone to hold your hand?"

He didn't answer her. He wanted her to go away. But she stood there before him staring at his back, smiling. He could smell her sweet sugary breath. He wouldn't turn around. No, he wouldn't.

"Grow up," she said.

Joe heard her heels moving away from him. He turned around. She had gone to another table and was kissing a sailor he knew.

He sat down. The door at the end of the hall had not opened. He watched it. For a moment he thought that he wouldn't go in, but in his heart he knew that he must. He had failed too often. Now he must prove to the others that he could do it. He must. Though every desire was knotted and frozen within him he knew that he must. Something cold and heavy shivered through his chest and legs. It numbed everything

Second Place

## The Cracked Windowpane

by R. G. McGillivray

She stood beside the window, shivering with the cold — a large store-window, behind which dozens of Christmas gifts glittered in the bright lights. She had wearied of looking at all the gifts she couldn't afford to buy — she hadn't come to window shop — and crouched back against the wall out of the wind. How strange that one of the display windows in the leading department store should have a jagged crack in the upper corner! — from the bitter cold, perhaps. But she hardly noticed the crack; she was looking at the passers-by that hurried along, their collars turned up against the cold. Business was slow this Christmas Eve.

" . . . Nowell, the angel did . . ."

A few snatches of the carol filtered out to her as a late-comer arrived for church. The melody was vaguely familiar to her — probably she had heard it some time on the radio. She looked up at the steeple soaring high into the black sky. A few snowflakes began to fall, slowly, desultorily. "Perhaps tomorrow will be warmer," she thought, pulling her thin coat more tightly about her.

She turned to look at her reflection in the glass, to see if her makeup was still all right. A thin white face, with brightly painted mouth and cheeks, looked back at her. She pulled out

her lipstick and dabbed at her upper lip, just to be sure; the dazzling lights made her reflection very pale. My God, how cold she was! She pressed herself harder against the wall, trying to get a little relief from the wind. Suddenly a hoarse cough spilled from her throat, and she doubled up from the pain tearing at her lungs. A small patch of blood quickly froze on the ground where she spat. With a sad little sound drowned in a gust of wind the crack in the windowpane lengthened an inch or two. She leaned back against the wall, exhausted and miserable. There was hardly a soul left in the streets.

Too bitterly cold to stay any longer, she turned to go. People had now begun to come from the church, and sounds of a Christmas carol seeped out into the cold, only to be dispersed by the wind. She turned down a side street, away from the people and the hostile sounds.

Suddenly she stopped. Coming toward her on unsteady feet was a man, singing in a blurred voice: "Shilunt night . . . ho-o-ly night . . ." He stopped short when he saw her and guffawed at her smile. A moment later they walked on, arm in arm, as fast as his wobbly legs permitted.

The crack was nearly half way down the windowpane by now. But no one paused to notice it.

Honourable Mention

## The Pine

### (A Dirge)

By B. H. Bonnländer

O noble Pine! I see thee there  
With tattered trunk and needles bare  
That cut the wind and make it scream  
In protest. Yonder by a stream  
Thou stand out black against the sky,  
And watch the eagle wheeling by:  
O thou who shaded mighty Horace  
From the bright Apulian sun,  
So one more cup of mellowed wine  
Could roll untroubled o'er his tongue!

Now behold this modern age  
With shining lens and microtomes.  
To thee has come the Botanist,  
So full of zeal to pick thy cones,  
And study all thy inmost bones.  
Each needle search'd; each gibbous bump;

Each little, hairy, hispid hump;  
Thy pith and wood and cortex scanned  
To formulate thy special brand.  
Then at last they make thy name —  
O Pinus Strobus! Where's thy fame?

Now I'm forced to study pines —  
"Leaves in pairs or grouped in nines,"  
"Neath the quick and canny eye  
Of one who knows thee more than I.  
But let them keep thy endosperm,  
And thy pretty resin cells;  
I only wish that they will quirm  
In forest fires and hotter hells.  
But, alack, when May comes round,  
I'll fall my Lab. exam, and drown  
In waters deep, forever free —  
Ahi! Happy Death! Eternity!



## Third Place

## A Dedication To Intellectual Sterility

by Adin Morrow

## CANTO I

Let us go now me and you  
Where the morning is spread out against the blue  
Like a bed-bug transfixed upon a wall;  
Let us go, along some rarely trodden paths  
In search of Fisher-Kings in Roman baths  
Or quo Fata vocant.

## CANTO II

Oh, Caesars  
The death of the multitude is cause for mourning;  
Conduct your triumph as a funeral.  
Sing "Nigon Wyrta Galdor" to soothe their wounds;  
Seek out Asklepios for some spiritual balm;  
Stay the toad of a hundred claws,  
Revive the battle of the trees,  
Yet pallid mort has reaped a bitter harvest  
And in its wake a moral void ensues,  
Break not the Golden Bough;  
But worship to the right hand of Kali.  
Then they will say of you —  
Om mani padme hum.

## NOTES

I am greatly indebted to T. S. Eliot as a stimulus for the structure and obscurity of this poem, and like him feel my readers might want a guide to the elucidation of the difficulties of its imagery.

Unlike Mr. Eliot, who drew his material mainly from Miss J. Weston's book on the Grail myth, obscurity of my work stems from material heretofore not dealt with "From Ritual to Romance," the obscurity of my work stems from material heretofore not dealt with either in Robert Graves' "The White Goddess" or in Miss J. Weston's "From Ritual to Romance."

Line 2. I am not familiar with the exact constitution of the scarab, "from which I have obviously departed to suit my own convenience."

5. The Fisher-King, of course, is a familiar figure from Miss J. Weston's "From Ritual to Romance," and according to Gibbon is frequently found in Roman baths.

7. The Caesars here could mean Claudius and Tiberius, though not Julius, although in another sense they might embody the universal concept of the conqueror.

8-9. These lines need no explanation, as they are from the all too familiar philosophical writings of Lao-tzu.

10. I have chosen the form "Nigon Wyrta Galdor" rather than the more modern Celtic

transcription "Rodlag Atryw Nogen" on the advice of Dr. Henri D'Ung.

12-13. These lines refer to the Cad Goddeu myth, which is dealt with only superficially in the "White Goddess," and the meanings of which are diametrically opposite.

16. The Golden Bough has been referred to in work by both T. S. Eliot and Miss J. Weston, but possibly Sir James Frazer's work on the subject will more easily explain away the difficulty here.

17. The Plumed Serpent refers, of course, to Quetzalcoatl and the Snake-Bird God and their eternal conflict over the Obsidian Knife.

18. Kali, quite obviously, represents the ego and id.

20. This line is from the Tibetan Buddhist religion that thrived about the time of the transition of the language of that country to the agglutinative monosyllabic stage. It is a very obscure and complex line, all intimately wrapped up with the Lotus and its religious meaning of that era, and entirely too complex to treat here with complete satisfaction to the reader.

The reader might also ask the relationship of Cantos I and II. Unless the reader can find a relationship, there is none. This would obviously ruin the continuity of the obscurity of the poem which is the whole basis of such poetry as this and Mr. Eliot's.

## About the Pictures...

Concurrently with the Literary Contest of the McGill Daily, the Camera Club sponsored an exhibition of photographs, awarding three prizes to the best entries presented. The winner was Bob Jordan who with the photograph appearing on the top left corner of the page won the first prize. The second and third prizes were awarded to Rod Riordan. Featured in the other corner is the picture that won the third prize.

Perhaps a Literary Supplement should not include photographs, but the Supplement was printed with the idea of giving the readers an example of the talent existing on campus and of printing an insert which could be read separately from The Daily — perhaps in the comfort of home with a nice cigar and a good warm cup of coffee. Thus it was felt that two pictures would enhance the pages of print and add to the enjoyment of the Supplement.

We want to extend our thanks to the Camera Club for their cooperation and hope that our readers will agree with our idea.

E.R.

## Skywriter

by D. G. Jones

From offices and stores and tailor shops  
He comes at closing time,  
And standing in the street looks up  
To find the tall blue sky.

And though the sun from streets has gone,  
Above and moving gleams  
A jet-plane racing with the sun —  
A tailor sewing seams.

With fine bright thread, white as lace,  
He loops and starts his run;  
He stitches together the rags of space;  
Then dips and winks to the sun.

And he sews above on a cloth of blue  
A coat for the afternoon.  
His shop is large; the light is true;  
And he sings a Sun day tune.

Dreaming, below, of this needle in space,  
The tailor re-threads his ways,  
Wishing again in the sun, to make  
A garment for his days.

## Sometimes

by D. G. Jones

I find myself threading warily  
My way through the streets  
And alleys of my life  
Much as does this passing cat,  
Undulating and discreet  
With waving whiskers, take  
His sly way through the night  
Avoiding me most cautiously.

Catlike I slip and carefully,  
Avoiding sharp corners  
And things that are concrete;  
Sometimes I arch and rub my back  
And meow my piece, but soon retract  
To circumnavigate  
All foreign bodies, quite  
Like puss but nine times warily.



## The Story of Herman

by Ivan Aron

Herman was an aesthetically satisfying bus.

The other buses of the Big City Rapid Transit Corporation were huge and ugly. They were a hideous brown. They were angular, squat and misshapen. They roared and growled, and they were an affront to the eye and ear, but not Herman. Herman was an aesthetically satisfying bus.

Herman was a delight to the eye of the beholder. From his headlight (by Norman Bel Geddes) to his rear licence plate (by Frank Lloyd Wright) he had no part that would dissatisfy even the most critical artistic mind. His face bore the happy expression of Franz Hals' Laughing Cavalier, his axles had the powerful sense of plastic modeling of Michaelangelo's David, he did it not with a raucous horn, but with sweet organ pipes which played the theme from Bach's B Minor Mass, or in rainy weather, Handel's Water Music Suite. Truly he

was beautiful.

His windows were exquisite stained glass panels. Within his floors were covered with a fine oriental rug. His passengers sat in Chippendale chairs and adequate light for readers came from crystal chandeliers, while the interior murals were by Diego Rivera.

Every morning Herman would leave his aesthetically satisfying garage and roll through the boulevards of the city, bringing delight to all those who beheld him. In the horrid clash and clatter of the busy, dusty streets, Herman was a messenger of hope who said that beauty still existed. He was world-famous. People came from distant places and reverently entered his garage after his working hours and on Sundays as though it were a shrine. He was photographed by Andre for the cover of Life, Cecil Beaton painted his portrait, and Dr. Gallup himself came to ask his opinion on the question of the day. The Art Institute

offered a special course on Herman, and his designer was awarded a Nobel Prize. There is no doubt of it, Herman was a celebrity.

And yet Herman was unhappy. For all the crowds who came to see him he was lonely. The other buses sneered at him and said he was a sissy for they went out for the football team and played rough games, but Herman could not, as he had to take care of his complexion. Besides, Herman was very gentle-hearted and could never bring himself to do any harm, not even to the fenders of a bicycle, and so the other buses had nothing but scorn for him. Within him grew a hunger which Diesel fuel and lubricating oil could not satisfy.

And then, one day, as it must to all, love came Herman. They had put him on a new route, and, as he drew up to a corner, his glance fell upon a creature slender as a birch in the deep forest. Before him was the most fair and wondrous traffic light he had ever seen. It was love at first sight. Matilda, the traffic light looked on Herman and sighed, and then with maidenly modesty blushed and held up traffic for fifteen minutes. Alas, Herman was too shy to declare his love, too shy even to dare address her, and Matilda was too demure to do anything but

(Continued on Page 6.)

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## The Greatest of These

by Nino Gualtieri

The young man, carrying a small brown paper bag moved with a spring step along the dusty sidewalk that was bordered by neat prefabricated houses. He walked swiftly, for the grain freighter on which he was a deck hand sailed in less than fifteen minutes. Already there had been three warning blasts from the ship's whistle.

He looked ahead and noticed a little boy and a little girl playing together in the front yard of one of the little houses. The boy, who was perhaps six years old, pushed a little toy car along a smoothed area of the sandy ground. The girl, who appeared younger, was building a garage of wood blocks and old shingles that had weathered into a dark grey.

When the man had come up to them he stopped and watched the children at play. "Makes you feel old," he mused to himself. Something nagged at his memory. He used to play with toy cars and soldiers and airplanes when he was a young boy. One corner of the public school yard had been all sand, and if he scraped away the loose dry sand on the surface he got to the damp earth that could be moulded around a framework of boards and sticks. He used to build block and sand fortresses and connect them with underground tunnels, then he would run water into a pebble-lined trench to make a moat. That seemed long ago.

He walked over to where the children played. They looked at him; then at each other and then stared again at the stranger. With a quick movement he reached into his paper bag and pulled out two chocolate bars. He gave one to the little girl and patted her on the head. Turning to the boy, he handed him the other. They clutched the candy with both hands and looked at him. Not a word had been spoken.

Just then a middle-aged woman burst open the door of the house. Her features were not bad but there was a hardness about them. She was quite thin.

"You get away from my children, you!" she cried. "I've been

(Continued on Page 6.)

## Three Men on Watch

by Malcom H. Miller

We were not mad, we three,  
When that night the sea before us raced  
Forever on, an endless ocean.  
From the exquisitely silent moon the light  
Stroked the sleek waters,  
Painting rare and lovely schemes.  
There tales were told and images  
More juring than strangeness stirred,  
And beautiful myths, delicately sewn,  
Were woven in the quivering sea.  
As the eloquence of love and death and mystery  
Rose up in flashing symbols.  
We watched, we were not mad, we three.  
And the stars soared low  
Through the rich foliage of evening.  
And with the moon  
Shed full their snowy gales,  
Down upon the dancing waters,  
Where a melody sang and stunned our hearts,  
Its pulse of potent music deeply ringing  
A portion of ourselves we never heard.  
We believed, we were not mad, we three.  
For there on the seared sea, so endless  
Th' incredible poetry flowed,  
And love and death and beauty swam  
Like trembling ghosts of memory,  
And we were not mad, we three.

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# from the SIDELINES

**'51 FADEOUT**  
McGill's athletic year 1951 bowed out quietly over the weekend with scarcely a flourish. Senior hockey and basketball rang down the curtain on a season that, if not record-shattering, nevertheless kept the student hopping and added to the university's prowess in this direction to go with its academic fame.

'Rocky' Robillard's pucksters and Joe Anderson's cagers sang the sports' swan songs and wound things up until the beginning of the New Year.

The hockey crew lost its third straight game of the campaign Friday night. But things certainly didn't look as if they were going in that direction as the teams left the ice at the end of the first period.

**OPENING LEAD**  
In that torrid opening session, the Redmen had completely outplayed, outskated and outthrust the favored Carabins. The Robillard crew was an inspired one and that inspiration was completely reflected in the boys' play during the 20 minutes. Not only did they match their opponents but even went them one better. Down 2-1 they scored two goals in the space of 38 seconds and left the ice holding this lead.

**ILLUSIONS SHATTERED**  
Illusions of the first McGill vic-

tory over the U. of M. since February 28, 1949 when the Redmen handed the Flying Frenchmen a 16-4 drubbing were quickly dispelled in the ensuing two periods.

The Montrealers quickly regained their composure, proceeded to grind out a well earned 3-3 victory.

**PERTINENT QUESTIONS**  
The hockey game brings to mind two pertinent questions: 1. Why were there no programs and 2. For the second week in succession where were the cheerleaders?

In reference to the first query they say "you can't tell the players without a program." Evidently officials responsible for such matters seem to think, possessed of some mystic occult powers, McGill students can. We hate to disillusion such people but this is definitely not the case.

**Usher's Answer**  
In reply to a question as to the whereabouts of programs, one Forum usher remarked that the turnout the previous week and the consequent volume of program sales

## Red Cagers Lose to Union 72-55



With his stick upraised in a gesture of triumph, Redman LEN KENT (far right) has just scored McGill's second goal in the Friday night game against the U. of M. Carabins. The Carabins won 5-3. Second from the left is Kent's linemate BILL DUKE. (Daily Photo by Murray-Robertson.)

## Ben Tissenbaum Tops Scorers With 20

By MARTY GOODMAN  
Schenectady, N.Y., Dec. 15.—Union College last night garnered their first win in four starts by defeating McGill Redmen 72-55. The score, however, is not at all indicative of the play. Well into the fourth quarter, the game might still have gone either way, and with five minutes to go in the tilt, Union led by the scant margin of six points, 57-51.

Ben Tissenbaum, who was high scorer in the game with 20 points, sparked a fast first quarter which ended with the Redmen on top 20-16. McGill's pattern plays worked well throughout, while Union used both plays and a fast break. In the second quarter, the Dutchmen came to life and pulled ahead by a 39-34 count. The third canto was disastrous for the McGillians though, as they fell apart to find themselves down 12 markers, 54-42. The Red hoopers came back strong in the last quarter, and they managed to pull up within six points of the high-flying Unionites. But ragged play cost McGill a chance to overtake their opponents, who converted 20 of 37 free tries, 14 of which came in this stanza.

Coach Pete Nestad's boys proved themselves to be hard drivers, and they were sparked by the sensational playing of freshman Joe Satka, who clicked for 14 tallies besides grabbing half of the rebounds. The latter were well taken care of by the Union, who boast an average height of 6' 3".

George Klein played another terrific game, both defensively and offensively. Tissenbaum and Merling were also outstanding for the Redmen, who did not find Union's small gym much to their liking. The overhanging balconies prevented corner shots, and while the Dutchmen were familiar with this fact, mentor Anderson's players hit the ceiling many times attempting them.

McGill again found themselves in hot water because of their fouling. Garbuz fouled out in the third quarter, and he was followed by Bob Findlay in the next. Union's two big spurts in the last half both came as a result of free throws. The final score was 72-55.

**Summary**  
McGill: Merling 8, Tissenbaum 20, Cunningham 3, Winship 2, Findlay 6, Wipper 5, Russell 0, Anderson 1, Garbuz 1, Klein 9.  
Union: Marve 11, Murray 8, Christie 4, Tinnis 14, Satka 14, Batkiewicz 5, Swartzman 0, O'Loughlin 1, Barandes 15.

**NOTICE**  
I am seeking a lift to Boston over the Christmas Holidays. Any-one driving down please phone Dale Long at MA. 2806.

**FOUND**  
Wristwatch, between Shrine and 3592 University late Saturday night. Substantial reward offered. Contact Duffy at PL 2435.

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did not warrant their being printed again.  
Granted the Forum, the Friday before last, was not, by any means jammed to the rafters. Yet, on the other hand, there was the competition of Athletics Night the following evening. The turnout the past Friday was encouraging. The lack of programs was not. This lack of programs seems to be an extremely doubtful method of boosting attendance at such games.

**CARABIN METHOD**  
Even if sales do not warrant printing of an elaborate program, there is another method that should, and in fact must, be adopted. That is the one used by the University of Montreal at their home games. Names and numbers of both teams are mimeographed

on single sheets and distributed gratis at the door. This seems to be a first rate idea. Why not at McGill home games?  
**ASLEEP AT SWITCH**  
Then there is the matter of cheerleaders. In the past it has been the practise to have cheerleaders in attendance at Redmen home games. The boys were definitely absent for the first two home games this year. There is someone asleep at the switch. Then too, why is the band not out at these games? This too would do a great deal to repopularize as well as repopulate these Friday night games.

against his local rival Kenny Mather, while Irwin Kopin and Gustav Sperling are Ashton's backstrokes. No one looms on the horizon as a threat to Kopin as yet.

The medley relay team of Mingle, Kopin and Bradley, who splashed their way to a record in the last open meet should top their previous time due to their better conditions now.

The free style relay team is a question mark. The kids, Murray, Cox, Humphrey and Drummond swam a tremendous race against Buffalo two weeks ago. Senior Women's events are also on the card, as well as Junior Women's and Junior Men's free style races.

Starting time is 7:45 in the Memorial Pool.

**FOUND**  
Wristwatch near gymnasium. Phone MA 0141, Room 33.

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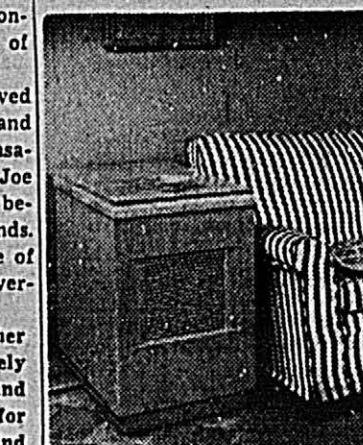
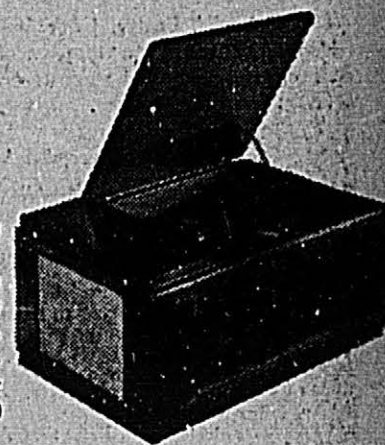
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## Galaxy Of Stars For Mermen Swim Meet

The Red Mermen get their last taste of action before the New Year when McGill sponsors their open meet on December 22. Heading the entries is Lucien Beaumont of Laval, who holds the Dominion 100 yard free style championship.

Carmen Bradley of the Red and White will swim against Beaumont in what should be outstanding races in both the 50 and 100 yards distances. Syd Kastner, one of the outstanding sprinters, and middle distance swimmers in Canada, will not only be entered in those events, but also the 220 yard free style. Opposition to him will be by Pete Isenman and Robbie Cooke who are the top men in their class on the McGill team.

Canadian record holder in the backstroke, Pete Mingle will swim

against his local rival Kenny Mather, while Irwin Kopin and Gustav Sperling are Ashton's backstrokes. No one looms on the horizon as a threat to Kopin as yet.

The medley relay team of Mingle, Kopin and Bradley, who splashed their way to a record in the last open meet should top their previous time due to their better conditions now.

The free style relay team is a question mark. The kids, Murray, Cox, Humphrey and Drummond swam a tremendous race against Buffalo two weeks ago.

Senior Women's events are also on the card, as well as Junior Women's and Junior Men's free style races.

Starting time is 7:45 in the Memorial Pool.

## RVC Ski House To Open Soon

Once again, commencing the week-end of Jan. 12, the R.V.C. Ski House at Ste. Adele will be open for all co-eds - resident and non-resident. The house accommodates eleven girls and a chaperone comfortably, but six girls are required to make it worth while opening the ski house for a week-end. The cost is negligible—\$1.00 per person—and this is to be paid at the time of signing up at the Physical Education Office.

Bedding and some stable food-stuffs are provided, but each girl is asked to bring her own pillow, slip and towel.

The house is conveniently located and provides a perfect home base for a fun-packed ski-week-end, so take advantage of it while the winter lasts.

The week-end officially begins Saturday morning, and ends Sunday at six p.m. However, the house can be opened Friday evening, if special arrangements are made.

For any additional information, contact Penny Rodger, Ski House manager, at R.V.C., UN. 6-0158.

## Allen to Coach Co-ed Skiers

For the first time in several years the McGill Women's Ski Team will receive coaching during the Christmas Holidays. Mr. Vic Allen, who is well known among all skiing enthusiasts, has undertaken to provide instruction for all those interested in racing for McGill whether on a Zone or Intercollegiate level.

Mr. Allen, an active Redbird, has not only coached several teams during the past few years, but has also had his own news paper column, Miss Connie Buttinger, and Mr. Frederick Graves, both McGill students and experienced racers, have offered their assistance as well.

Any student interested in racing this season is asked to attend a meeting on Tuesday, December 18 at 1 p.m. in R.V.C. Information and notices about skiing will be posted on the M.W.S.A. notice board and the Manager, Mary Anne Currie would be very glad to answer any questions EL 8036.



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BOX



# coming EVENTS

Items for this column must be typed on a special form obtainable at the Tuck Shop and deposited in The Daily mailbox by the Students' Council Office in the hallway of the Union by one o'clock the day before the item is to appear. The deadline for Monday's paper is one o'clock Friday. Only brief items can be published in this column. Each event may be announced twice only in this column.

**December 17**  
**Franklin Society**—Monthly meeting. Speaker: Dale Osborn. Subject: Summer at Knob Lake, Ungava. Slides will be shown and refreshments served. Time: 8:15 p.m. Place: Arctic Institute of North America.

**CFF Club**—Ed. Bantey, former political columnist for the Montreal Herald, will speak on "Freedom of the Press." This is an open meeting and all interested students are invited to attend. Time: 1 p.m. Place: Union Club Room.

**December 18**  
**International Relations Club**—All students wishing to participate in a trip to the Dept. of External Affairs, Ottawa, and/or to the International Civil Aviation Organization, ICAO, Montreal, in February, 1952, should attend this meeting at which these trips will be organized. Time: 5 p.m. Place: Club Room.

**Cosmopolitan Club**—Lunchon meeting. Mr. P. Jessium-Carodozo will speak on Holland. Slides or movies to be shown. Everyone welcome. Bring your lunch. Time: 1-2 p.m. Place: Union New Clubroom.

**German Club**—Christmas Party. Bring a small present (25c worth) for Santa Claus to exchange against another one. Members and friends invited. Time: 8 p.m. Place: 44 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount. Take No. 14 streetcar up Guy.

**Radio Workshop**—Casting for studio production. Time: 1-2 p.m. Place: Workshop.

**December 19**  
**Fine Arts Club**—Jacques de Tonnacour, well known Montreal artist will lead a discussion on the topic of "The Place of Art in the Community." Meeting will take form of an open debate between students and the discussion leader. All interested are urged to be on hand. Time: 8:30 p.m. Place: 3450 Drummond Street, Fine Arts Studios.

**Newman Club**—Annual Christmas Party with all its trimmings. Bring a small gift (under 25c) to put under tree. Carol singing, etc., followed by refreshments. Admission for members 50c; Non members 75c. Stag or drag. Time: 8:30 p.m. Place: 2049 McGill College Avenue.

**December 20**  
**Cosmopolitan Club**—Christmas Party. Dancing, entertainment, sing song, Santa Claus, refreshments. Stag or Drag. Admission 25c members. 40c others. Ring along wrapped gift not over 25c. Time: 8 p.m. Place: Union Lounge.

**January 11-13**  
**Newman Club**—Girls' Closed Retreat. Those interested please come down to the House and give your name in. Must know how many are attending in advance. Time: 7:30 p.m. Place: 3635 Atwater Avenue.

## McGill Daily

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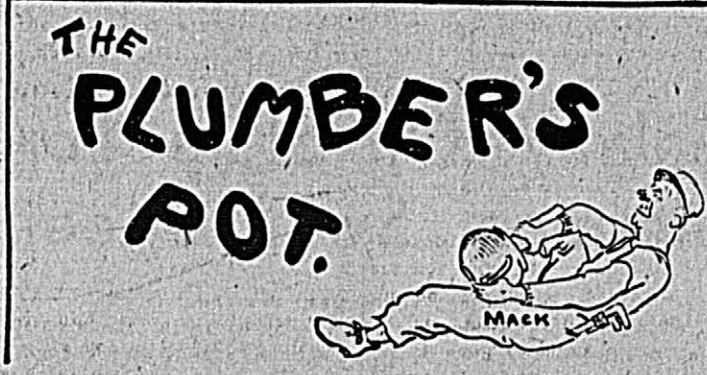
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**Joe—p. 3**  
passageway was dark and silent. He moved along the rows of sleeping men, quietly, gazing down into the calm still faces, so far away, so peaceful. But he was cold and tired, dead, like a log. Joe walked out into the faint, Before him great phosphorescent streaks traced lovely patterns, and strange twists and designs shone everywhere, sleek and mysterious. The vast sea shook. The incredible burst of color rushed forth, quivering and flinging up bright fragments of light. They blinded him. He could not understand their meaning. But then the sea before him

became a candle, a trembling candle. Its flame rose like a flower; it was all things, everywhere. Now a melody, hovering in the sky, sank down into the rising flame, and Joe heard a beautiful beautiful tone. Soft voices called. And the candle began to unfold, layer after layer. It brushed against his blown hair and kissed his ear. He could smell something sweet, so sweet. And then the music in the flame swooped down upon him. He heard a terrible cry. And in a moment the whole pattern and meaning of night flung open its secret heart, and Joe felt himself sliding over the safety lines and falling, falling into the full flame of the candle which suddenly had become so cold and dark and final.

**Lectures Finish—p. 2**  
tures resumed in Medicine, Dentistry, Music, and Library School. Jan. 11 (Fri.): Second term begins in faculties and schools in which examinations were being held during the previous week. Christmas and New Year's both come before final exams. And it is a safe prediction that even those with mid-terms will take time off first to extend the season's greetings to all concerned and to take part in traditional ceremonies of the festive season. With this special Christmas Issue The Daily ceases publication until after classes are resumed in the New Year.

**The Greatest—p. 4**  
watching you, and you get away before I call the police! "The voice was not pleasant. It was shrill and seemed to pierce his brain. "Lady," he mumbled confusedly, "I only gave your children a couple of candy bars. There's nothing wrong with that." "Never mind. You keep your chocolate bars!" She ran down the stairs and in a frenzy of motion grabbed the candy from the hands of the children and pushed it into the sailor's hand. He let the two small paper-wrapped packages fall to the ground. The shrill voice went on. "People like you should be behind bars and you ought to be whipped good and hard too. You get out of here before I call the police!" The voice didn't fade away but kept racing around and around inside his head, and the voice's ragged edges tore into him. He turned away. There was nothing he could say. He heard the ship's whistle—blast. Last warning. He started to run down



On the Morn of Saturday did this scribe climb the stairs to the Ballroom and inspect the shambles that was once a Smoker. Delicately picking a path through a maze of broken bottles, this Scribe amused himself for several minutes counting bee stains upon the wall. Following one large stain to its end, if thou wuldst pardon the expression, there I saw several gentlemen recumbent 'neath the piano, obviously overcome by the smoke. Gentlemen, sire, I repeat, not Plumbers, for Plumbers left promptly at 10:30, as soon as the act was over. Come now, O drunken Plumbers, hast thou recovered sufficiently to

the street, past the busy maintenance yards, past the grain elevators and onto the pier. He scurried up the gang plank just before it was pulled in.

**Story of Herman—p. 4**  
blush and detain him an instant longer when he passed every fifty-five minutes. One day Herman was placed on another route, and he began to pine away thinking of Matilda. On his face appeared the sweet, sad smile of the Mona Lisa. After some months a chance street blockade brought Herman down Matilda's street. Long separation had made him bold, and as he drew to a stop before her, he breathed all his love into a serenade on his organ pipes. "Take me in your arms, Beloved," cried Matilda, and Herman rushed forward. There was a terrible crash. Herman had been too impetuous. Today Herman and Matilda lie together in the junk yard. His beautiful stained glass windows are shattered, and Matilda is covered with rust, but they are happy together. And I have heard that any day now the stork is going to bring an aesthetically satisfying mobile searchlight.

**U. of M.—p. 2**  
alized with only a minute and 35 seconds to go in the game, but even with this two-man advantage, McGill entered the Carabin blue line only once. Quesnel, Hotte and Charest did a sensational job in staving off McGill's last-ditch stand. U. of M. opened the scoring at the 8:36 mark of the initial stanza, while McGowan, of McGill, was off for boarding. Albert Day, standing 11 feet in front of the net, trapped the rebound on a shot by Quesnel and scored into the empty net. McGill retaliated quickly, and two minutes later, Irvin scored from a scramble in front of the net. He grabbed a loose puck, and backhanded it into the bottom left hand corner. McElheron was credited with an assist. Leduc put U. of M. in the lead again at 13:03 when he scored on passes from Brunneau and Flynn. The Carabins held their lead until a minute and 10 seconds before the end of the period. It was at this point that Len Shaw let go with a terrific shot from the blue line, and the rebound came out to Len Kent who made no mistake with a shot into the lower left hand corner. Thirty-eight seconds later, with Lazure and McGowan off for roughing, Shaw took a pass from Teasdale and blasted it at Auger. This time the rebound came out to Schütz standing 15 feet out who scored into the bottom right hand corner. This ended the scoring for McGill.

Charest tied the game at 14:57 of the second period on a brilliant shot that had MacLellan beaten all the way. Three minutes later, U. of M. went into the lead never to be headed again. Dagnal tipped in a long shot by Leduc and the Carabins were ahead 4-3. The only other scoring came at 6:10 of the third period when Blisson scored into the left side of the cage on a rising shot. This made the final score 5-3. With only two minutes remaining in the game, Ray Flynn was accidentally cut dangerously close to his eye by a high stick and was removed to the hospital.

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